

CHIEF OF ARMY ENGINEERS



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Lieutenant Colonel T. W. Symons, recently appointed chief of engineers of the United States Army, has directed the building of some of the greatest engineering works under the supervision of the war department; he built the largest breakwater in the world at Buffalo. He graduated from West Point in 1874.

FOR A QUIET TOWN

LIVELY CAMPAIGN GOING ON IN NEW YORK.

Can a Rooster Be Restrained from His Natural Instinct of Crowing?—Complications in the Crusade Against Noise.

New York.—No court in the world can restrain a chicken from exercising his natural instincts," said Magistrate Green in the West side court, when

Eugene Blumenstein was arraigned before him charged with maintaining a noise nuisance. Police Commissioner Bingham had received a number of letters since his noise crusade started declaring that Blumenstein, who runs a saloon, kept a rooster and four chickens on his roof, and that the chickens awakened all the people in the neighborhood mornings and no sleep was possible in West Fifty-third street after sun-up. So Officer Harrigan went up there and arrested the rooster, his lady friends and Blumen-

stein. They were all taken to the West Forty-seventh street station. "You can't stop a rooster by law," thundered the magistrate. "If it crows that is not a crime. The arrest is ridiculous." Then the charge was changed to violating the sanitary code in keeping chickens in a tenement house, and Blumenstein was held in \$100 bail for special sessions. "Where were the chickens kept last night?" asked the magistrate. "In a cell with four colored men," answered Harrigan. "Well, turn over the chickens to them if they are alive," said the court. The noise question is still uppermost in Harlem, and the police have their troubles in consequence. Inspector Thompson received a letter from a woman who signed herself Mrs. Darling, objecting to certain disturbing sounds which she declared emanated from the House of St. Regis, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street and Riverside drive.

"Bells are clanging at all hours," she wrote, "and the roosters in a chicken run in the rear of the house wake us up by crowing at midnight. We moved up here to get away from the noise downtown and now can't sleep for the racket these bells and roosters make." Two policemen were dispatched to the House of St. Regis to listen to the roosters and the bells. It is a Roman Catholic institution. The pushcart men have been the chief concern of the noise-busters in Harlem. Several junkmen, fruit peddlers and old clothesmen have been arraigned daily in the Harlem police court, and as a result these howling nuisances have quieted down somewhat.

It was remarked that the pushcart men had taken revenge by decking out their carts with the loudest colors obtainable. The most brilliant color discards were used for the most part and many of the carts, fluttering with colored ribbons, looked like yachts at a regatta. The idea seemed to be to hit the eye of the public as hard as possible, now that the means of reaching their ears was denied them.

Singer Dies in Poverty.

San Francisco.—In extreme poverty Helen Dington, a former comic opera singer, died here. Twenty years ago she was a star at the old Tivoli opera house in such operas as "The Masked Ball," and "The Little Duke." Afterward she went east and repeated her success. She sang here until about 15 years ago, when she married a man named Steiglitz and retired from the stage.

She lost her husband and her fortune, and her father, the founder of old Maison Doree restaurant, lost his fortune. In her old age she had to support an invalid mother.

HOME OF SENATOR FORAKER



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Residence of the Ohio Statesman at Cincinnati.

Leaves \$200,000 to Fight Tax

Woman's Bequest to County Is to Prove Illegal \$3,000 Assessment.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Mrs. Cornelia H. B. Rogers leaves \$200,000 to Fairfield county, Connecticut, on condition that the income shall be used to press litigation against the borough of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the purpose of proving that the tax arrears act, passed on March 15, 1883, as a result of which she lost less than \$3,000, is illegal.

In the will Mrs. Rogers wrote that she regarded herself bound by a sacred duty to prosecute the case to a legitimate conclusion, and in an accompanying letter she said:

"My great desire is to provide for and procure the prosecution of this litigation, for I regard the Brooklyn arrears act and the legislation growing out of and connected therewith as most unfortunate and a great abiding wrong to the citizens of Brooklyn, and as the tax state certificates which I have held and those which are now in my possession have been and are affected by this action, I consider it a

high public duty and necessary to make all possible use of them in righting this wrong, if it may be done."

Originally the \$200,000 bequest was left to Yale university and Vassar college, with similar instructions, and a proviso that \$1,000 annually should be paid from the income to Monroe and New Fairfield, small towns in the vicinity of this city, but the change to Fairfield county is contained in a codicil, which says:

"I earnestly urge the citizens of Fairfield county carefully to examine and consider a situation which, I am fully persuaded, threatens the safety of the citizens and the life of the government founded by our fathers. God save the republic."

Parisians Patronize Hospitals.

The prejudice against hospitals is disappearing among the Parisians. At present about one-half of the cases of illness are treated in them, whereas ten years ago the proportion was only one-quarter.

The Kiteologist

By Don Mark Lemon

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Just come up on the roof, sir, and I'll show you the cage and tell you all that I know about the professor, but before we go a step further let me warn you that I don't believe a word of what the newspapers printed about him. No, sir, I won't and can't believe that such a true gentleman as the professor always showed himself to be could have deliberately set out to rob the government of over \$15,000. It's preposterous to think of, but it's just like the newspapers to make the matter as sensational as possible.

Take care you don't tear your coat on that nail. I'll have my boy pull it out when he comes home from school. Now, sir, step this way, and you can see for yourself how innocent the professor was of any evil intentions. Look! Do you think this flat tin roof looks like a robber's roost? It's ridiculous; yet to read the newspapers you would think that we landlords are the friends of robbers, and all manner of thieves. We landlords have a hard enough struggle to live, without the newspapers making it any harder for us.

Yes, sir, this is the cage where the professor kept his three big eagles, and now I'll tell you how he came to stop with me, and why he had such strange-like pets. You see, I had just lately taken this house and had spent the last dollar I had in the world in furnishing it, and was glad enough to have such a nice gentleman as the professor come along the second day after I put up my sign and ask if I hadn't a furnished front room to let, with running water and a good deep closet where he could keep his clothes.

Well, sir, I snapped him up at once, as I could see he was a gentleman; and, besides, he looked neat and prosperous, and I felt I wouldn't have to



They Grabbed the Bags of Gold and Flew to the Roof.

worry about him not paying his rent on time. But before he took the room he asked if he couldn't go up on the roof and see if it would suit him for a certain purpose. I was somewhat surprised at him wanting to rent the roof, but thinking him a photographer, or something like that, I brought him up here and he was real pleased. So he told me his business, and I rented this roof to him without any hesitation at all. It isn't every day one can rent a scrap of roof for more than a good sunny front room, and you can't blame me for doing so.

Well, sir, he was a kiteologist, as he told me. He flew kites to study the winds and the temperature at a great height. He wasn't in the employ of the government, but was studying on his own account. He took his silk hat off and sat down right over there, and explained all about it to me. His kites weren't like those that the boys fly, nor were they like I have seen pictures of in the papers—great big box-like things—but they were eagles—real live eagles. He had three of them, and he would attach a strong string to their legs and let them fly up into the heavens with a thermometer and barometer attached, or some such-like scientific instruments, and when he was ready, he would gently draw them down again.

Well, sir, it was a pleasure to hear him talk; he knew everything about eagles and kites and the heavens, and of course I consented for him to bring his birds and fly them from my roof, not supposing the landlord I get the house from would care at all. Which I can say, he didn't. So the next day the professor came with his three eagles and placed them up here on the roof in that big cage, and it was good to see how he did love those birds, and play with them, and teach them all kinds of tricks. My gracious, but they were strong! I really think the smallest of the three could have lifted a big

child in its claws; and the professor explained how that they must be strong to carry his scientific instruments so high in the air.

Well, a week passed and he didn't fly his eagles, for he was waiting for them to get accustomed to their new location, so they would return like carrier doves in case the string tied to their legs got broken; and at the end of the week, before the professor could try his experiment at all, that dreadful accident happened, which the papers made so much of, and which frightened the professor, who was timid, like all real scientific men, so that he never came back, even for his clothes.

You see, just across the street from here is the subtreasury, and every little while a wagon drives up to the door filled with big canvas bags full of gold, and the clerks will come out and get the gold and carry it into the vaults. Well, on Tuesday morning, just after I had finished some washing and was going out to get a new handle to my irons, which had got broken, the wagon drove up before the subtreasury door and the clerks began to take out the sacks of gold and carry them into the bank.

I can truly say that I'm not by nature a covetous woman, but, naturally, I paused and watched the men a moment or two, thinking what I could do if I had what was in just one of those sacks. Why, there must have been as much as \$4,000 or \$5,000 in each sack, and there were dozens of them, I believe.

Suddenly, as I was standing there, a darkness seemed to come over the sun, and at the same time a strange flying sound made me look up, and there were the professor's three eagles broken loose from the cage—I felt real sorry for the professor, to think that his birds had got loose—and down they came and landed on the wagon full of gold. I lifted up my apron to shoot them back to the roof, when if those three mischievous birds didn't settle right down into the bags full of gold, and each one grab a bag in his claws, like I saw them grab a bag with a dead rabbit in it on the roof one day, and no sooner had they grabbed the bags of gold than up they flew again to the roof.

I was astonished beyond measure, but the clerks who were carrying in the gold were simply dumfounded. And no wonder! Supposing the eagles should spill the gold or fly away with it, why the poor clerks might have to return it out of their salaries, and I hear they don't get paid so much, though they are employed by the government.

Well, sir, the moment I could collect my scattered senses, I rushed back into the house to tell the professor what had happened, for, as I hadn't seen him on the roof, I supposed he was in his room. Of course the clerks followed me, and we all hurried up here where you are standing now. The three eagles were gone, and the professor was nowhere to be found. Poor man, he was out somewhere in the city, and I felt like running down and warning him not to return, for fear they would hold him responsible for the gold.

I saw that the eagles each had lately had a long cord tied to its legs and I thought nothing of it more than proper, but the clerks acted like a lot of wild men. They vowed that the eagles had been let down to steal the gold, and when they saw that this roof leads over to the next building yonder, they said that the owner of the birds had taken the gold and climbed through an open window in that building into an empty room, and that was escaped with the \$15,000.

Of course I saw at once how dreadfully dishonest it all might be made to look, and I sat down and almost cried. At first the clerks and the officers paid no more attention to me than if I had been a sick kitten, but when they learned that I was the landlady and knew all about the eagles and the professor, they asked me a thousand questions, and I was dragged off to court like a criminal, and the poor professor's name was mixed up with robbery and thieving, and I don't know what else. But, somehow, he learned about the mischief his eagles had got into, and never returned.

Of course the eagles flew away with the gold bags—poor birds. I don't blame them a bit for making the most of their liberty—and I wouldn't at all be surprised if the police should find that the birds had dropped the gold on some roof, when they discovered that the bags didn't contain rabbit, as they had imagined.

Advancement in Burma.

Burma is to have a Pasteur institute.